

FATHERS & DAUGHTERS

by

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**FADE IN:**

**Title Card:** Briarwood, Kentucky. 1988.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

An elegant, secluded hospital. Late summer.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

JAKE DAVIS, 40s, is in a tie and jacket. He sits on a neatly made bed.

He may not be particularly handsome, or perhaps he is, but there is something about him-- a presence, a charm that is unmistakable.

**INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY**

A NURSE in silent white shoes walks down a spotless corridor. From the faces of the patients she passes we suspect this might be a mental hospital.

She pokes her head into the staff lounge. Nods to a DOCTOR on the phone. He hangs up and joins her in the hall.

They walk in silence.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

The doctor and nurse enter Jake's room.

NURSE  
Jake, it's time.

Jake gets up from the bed. The doctor shakes his hand.

DOCTOR  
We expect great things.

Jake smiles politely.

DOCTOR  
Again.

**INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY**

Jake sits in the back of a limousine. Lost in his thoughts.

**EXT. BACK ROADS - DAY**

The limousine cruises down a country road. A BOY, 6, sits by a fruit stand. He has no customers.

**INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT - DAY - JAKE'S FLASHBACK**

A stylish, prewar apartment. More literary than lush.

Jake tosses up KATIE, a beautiful 2-year-old-girl. She giggles hysterically.

Jake kisses her and she kisses TRISH, Jake's wife and her mother. The three of them make a little kissing triangle. Life is good.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (1988)**

The limousine rolls along the highway. An overhead sign reads, AIRPORT. The car moves into that lane.

**EXT. AIRPORT - DAY**

The DRIVER hands Jake his bags.

DRIVER  
Good luck to you, sir.

JAKE  
You too.

A SKYCAP, a dignified older black man, approaches Jake.

SKYCAP  
Where you goin'?

JAKE  
New York.

SKYCAP  
The big city.

JAKE  
You ever been?

SKYCAP  
(laughs)  
Oh, no.

**INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY**

Jake's asleep. A copy of *Time* in his lap.

A YOUNG WOMAN in a University of Kentucky sweatshirt approaches him.

WOMAN  
Excuse me? Hi...

Jake opens his eyes.

WOMAN  
I hate to do this. But are you Jake Davis?

JAKE  
No.

WOMAN  
You're not?

JAKE  
I don't even know who that is.

WOMAN  
He's this really famous writer.

She holds out a novel, *Leaving The Dance* by Jake Davis.

WOMAN  
I have to read it for my lit class.

Jake shrugs.

WOMAN  
You sure?

The woman flips the book around. On the back cover is a large picture that is obviously Jake.

JAKE  
Sorry.

WOMAN  
(nasty)  
Don't be. They say he went nuts.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT - JAKE'S FLASHBACK**

A lone car speeds along an icy country road.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Jake and Trish are in the middle of a vicious argument.  
A 3-year-old Katie sits frightened in back.

TRISH  
You were flirting!

JAKE  
I was talking to her!  
Jesus Christ!

TRISH  
I know the difference  
between talking and  
flirting.

JAKE  
Do you?!

TRISH  
Do you?!

Jake takes a turn hard. He drives much too fast.

**INT. AIRPLANE - DAY (1988)**

Jake stares at a LITTLE GIRL, 3, who sits between her PARENTS  
and sings to herself while she colors in a coloring book.

Her father gently rubs her neck. "All happy families..."

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT - JAKE'S FLASHBACK**

The car's flipped over. There's an ambulance, a police car  
and blood everywhere.

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Katie sits on a bench by herself.

A bandaged Jake walks over to her. Kneels down  
beside her. They hug tightly for a long minute.

Jake studies his little girl.

JAKE  
Katie, sweetheart...

Jake's now crying. Can't say it. Finally:

JAKE  
Mommy's gone.

Katie SHRIEKS AND SOBS while Jake holds her tightly. She kicks and screams, is hysterical.

**INT. AIRPLANE – DAY (1988)**

Jake looks out the window. The unmistakable New York City skyline is spread out like a dream.

**INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT – DAY – FLASHBACK**

Katie plays loudly in the apartment. Jake barely notices. He's unshaven, looks awful. A bowl of soup sits untouched.

There are dirty dishes, newspapers, rotting food everywhere.

A mouse scurries up on the table, picks at some food. Jake just watches him eat.

**INT. BATHROOM – DAY – FLASHBACK**

Jake shaves. His hands start shaking. He cuts his cheek. A drop of blood plops into the sink water.

His hands continue to shake-- red drops ripple the water.

**INT. JAKE'S STUDY – DAY – FLASHBACK**

Jake tries to work. He can't concentrate. He looks down and sees he's rubbing his hands frenetically.

His body's now rocking back and forth. He looks like a very troubled man.

**INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM – NIGHT**

Jake fucks some YOUNG WOMAN. He goes at her hard. She MOANS loudly.

We hear his doorknob rattle. The door's locked.

KATIE (O.S.)  
Daddy, are you OK?!

**INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE – DAY – FLASHBACK**

DOCTOR BARRET, 50, is a leading Manhattan psychiatrist.

Jake looks more depressed than we've ever seen him.

DOCTOR BARRET  
How long has the hand  
rubbing and rocking been  
going on?

JAKE  
Shortly after the accident.  
A few months.

The doctor takes his glasses off. Rubs his eyes.

DOCTOR BARRET  
Well, the good news is hand  
rubbing is inconsistent with  
epilepsy. And I don't think  
we have to seriously concern  
ourselves with autism.

JAKE  
What then?

DOCTOR BARRET  
The most benign interpretation  
is it's just an idiosyncratic  
response to stress.

JAKE  
And a less benign  
interpretation?

DOCTOR BARRET  
I'm not a big believer  
in labeling behavior.

Jake stares at him insistently.

DOCTOR BARRET  
Psychotic breaks.

Jake looks very upset. This is what he feared.

DOCTOR BARRETT  
Jake, there's a place called  
Briarwood I want to talk to  
you about.

**INT. MAHANATTAN APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK**

A suitcase sits in the living room. Jake's sister-in-law,  
ELIZABETH, and her husband, WILLIAM, wait by the door.

Jake kneels down to say goodbye to a 3-year-old Katie.

JAKE  
I'm going away. But I'll  
be back soon.

KATIE  
Will you be back tonight?

JAKE  
Not tonight, honey.

KATIE  
Tomorrow?

JAKE  
You're gonna stay with Aunt  
Elizabeth and Uncle William.

KATIE  
I want to stay with you.

Katie hugs him tightly.

JAKE  
You will. When I come back.

KATIE  
Where are you going?

Jake starts to rub his hands.

JAKE  
I'm going to visit with  
some people.

KATIE  
I want to come!

JAKE  
Not this time.

Katie won't look at him.

JAKE

Katie...

She continues to look away.

JAKE

Katie... I'll be back  
before you know it.

She still won't look at him.

JAKE

Give me a kiss goodbye.

But she won't.

JAKE

Katie, please...

WILLIAM

Jake...

William taps his watch.

JAKE

I love you a trillion  
trillions. I'll be back  
as soon as I can.

He kisses her on the cheek and stands up to leave.

KATIE

Nooooo!!!!

She grabs his leg. Won't let go.

JAKE

Katie, it's OK.

KATIE

Noooo!! Noooo!! Noooo!!

She's now crying and screaming. She holds on  
tightly to his leg. Won't let him leave.

William tries to pry her off Jake's leg, can't.

JAKE

Katie!

KATIE

Nooo!! Don't go!!! Don't go!!!  
Nooo!!

JAKE

Katie! I swear I'm coming  
back.

Elizabeth is now also pulling her off Jake.  
Katie is screaming and crying. She bites  
Elizabeth's hand hard.

ELIZABETH

God damn you!

They finally pry her off Jake.

JAKE

I love you. I'll be back  
as soon as I can.

Katie lunges for Jake, but Elizabeth holds  
her back. William grabs the suitcase and ushers  
Jake out as Katie continues to scream and cry.

**INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - DAY (1988)**

TED, Jake's agent and best friend, picks him up.

TED

Hey!!

JAKE

Teddy...

They hug affectionately.

**INT. LIMO - DAY**

The car battles airport traffic.

TED

You look good.

JAKE

I guess electroshock  
agrees with me.

TED

You think I'd let them  
scramble those wires!  
There's a Nobel Prize in  
that head of yours. Mark  
my words. If Bellow can  
win it, so can you.

JAKE  
Jesus Christ!! Always with  
the pressure!! I've been  
back five fucking minutes.

TED  
Hey, hey, what are you...

Jake laughs.

TED  
(smiles)  
Glad to see you're still  
a son-of-a-bitch.

The car crosses the Triboro bridge. The view of the Manhattan skyline is spectacular.

TED  
Miss it?

JAKE  
God, yes.

**EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE - DUSK**

The driver unloads the car.

TED  
Seeing Katie later?

JAKE  
Yeah.

TED  
Nervous?

JAKE  
(unconvincing)  
She's my daughter. Why  
would I be nervous?

TED  
Want me to come with?

JAKE  
You really are a  
full-service agent.

TED  
I'm a friend.

JAKE  
I'll be fine.

TED  
You sure?

Jake nods.

**EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS - DAY (2013)**

A lovely fall day. We can tell it's the present because of the abundance of iPads, laptops, cell phones.

A cell rings to the tune of *Call Me Maybe*.

Katie Davis, now 31, highlights a text book. Gorgeous and serious-- there's a palpable sadness to her which only enhances her beauty.

**EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS - LATER**

Katie walks across the quad. EVAN, a business school student, approaches her.

EVAN  
Hey, Katie, wait up.

She doesn't stop. Evan has to scurry to catch her.

EVAN  
What's goin' on?

KATIE  
Studying.

EVAN  
I don't know why you waste your time as a fucking grad student in psychology.

Katie picks up her pace.

EVAN  
Listen to people whine about their fucking problems all day.

KATIE  
I notice you like to say fuck a lot.

EVAN

So?

KATIE

So I've often thought men  
who say it, don't generally  
do it.

Katie offers him the smallest smile. Evan looks  
at her longingly.

**INT. FIFTH AVENUE APARTMENT - NIGHT (1988)**

A luxurious apartment that says wealth and privilege.

The doorbell rings. A 5-year-old Katie rushes to  
the door like a freight train.

She opens the door and SCREAMS:

KATIE

Daddy!!!

She leaps into his arms. Hugs him so tight we think  
his head might pop off.

Jake's loving it! He twirls her around while  
Katie plants kisses all over his face.

Jake studies her. Fights back tears.

JAKE

How's my Potato Chip?

KATIE

I missed you every  
second of every day.

JAKE

Ohh, Katie, I missed you  
more than that. But I'm back.

KATIE

For good?

JAKE

For good and forever.

Katie hugs him again, even tighter.  
She won't let go. Jake scoops her up and walks in  
carrying her with one arm.

JAKE

Hey, Andrew, Michael!  
How are my ball players?

Jake has presents for ANDREW and MICHAEL, 8-year-old twins. They open them quickly, a basketball and two New York Knicks jerseys. The boys dribble the ball.

ELIZABETH

Not in the house.

They stop instantly.

WILLIAM

Welcome back, Jake.

William forcefully shakes his hand.

JAKE

How's the law?

WILLIAM

Always good.

ELIZABETH

I have coffee and dessert  
in the dining room.

**INT. EVAN'S APARTMENT - MANHATTAN - NIGHT (2013)**

Katie and Evan go at it like animals. Within seconds of Evan coming, Katie's out of bed getting dressed with well-practiced efficiency.

EVAN

You don't really like me,  
do you?

KATIE

Not so much.

EVAN

So why'd you sleep  
with me?

KATIE

I don't know.

EVAN

Tell me.

KATIE

What's the difference?

EVAN

Tell me!

KATIE

I didn't have a chance  
to get to the gym.

Katie tucks in her shirt and is gone.

**INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT (1988)**

Katie sits in Jake's lap-- smiles ear to ear. Jake puts his coffee cup down.

JAKE

(to Katie)

Why don't we get some  
pajamas for tonight and  
tomorrow we'll come  
back and...

Elizabeth turns to DOTTIE, a black maid in uniform.

ELIZABETH

Would you get them ready  
for bed?

Andrew and Michael go off.

ELIZABETH

Katie, you too, darling.

Katie looks at her Dad.

JAKE

Katie's sleeping at home  
tonight.

WILLIAM

We'd like to discuss a  
private matter.

Katie looks at Jake. He's silent.

ELIZABETH

It's time to get your  
pajamas on, dear.

Katie again looks at Jake. A long moment.

JAKE

Put your pajamas on, sweetheart.

She reluctantly heads to the bedroom.

JAKE

And then pack what you  
need for tonight.

Katie lights up. Hurries off.

William pours Jake more coffee. Pauses for effect like the  
high-priced lawyer he is.

WILLIAM

14 months away.

JAKE

13.

William's annoyed at being corrected. Jake picks up on this.

JAKE

And I want you both to know  
how much I appreciate your  
taking care of Katie.  
She looks terrific. I'm  
indescribably grateful.

WILLIAM

We have a safe, happy home  
here.

JAKE

Yes.

WILLIAM

I imagine it's quite an  
adjustment being back  
in Manhattan.

JAKE

I missed the city terribly.  
Missed Katie more.

ELIZABETH

Miss Patricia?

William shoots Elizabeth a look.

JAKE

Being back doesn't solve  
that.

WILLIAM

Jake, I want to propose something to you. And just hear me out. Do me that favor.

He has Jake's attention.

WILLIAM

Let Katie sleep here tonight. You get settled. Get your sea legs so to speak. And then in a week or a month or whenever you're ready-- have Katie come live with you.

JAKE

That's not necessary.

WILLIAM

It's no hardship for us.

JAKE

I really am fine.

WILLIAM

We enjoy having Katie here.

JAKE

(looks at his watch)  
It got late.

Jake stands up ending the conversation.

ELIZABETH

We'd like to adopt Katie.

WILLIAM

Elizabeth God-damnit!!

JAKE

What?!

ELIZABETH

I've never felt comfortable hiding our intentions. Jake loves Katie. Even a writer as gifted as he is, can't put into words how much. And that's why he wants what's best for her. Why he understands her happiness must come before his. Even at the expense of his.

WILLIAM

She's happy here. She loves Andrew and Michael. You should see how the three of them...

JAKE

Katie is my daughter!!

WILLIAM

We're very comfortable.

ELIZABETH

(corrects him)

We're filthy rich. Staying at a hospital like Briarwood for a year I imagine you ran through a lot of your money.

JAKE

That's none of your concern.

WILLIAM

Of course you'd see her all the time-- whenever you like. And it would free you up to concentrate on your writing.

ELIZABETH

And your lady friends.

JAKE

You just can't help yourself, can you?

ELIZABETH

Apparently not.

WILLIAM

Think it over, that's all we ask.

JAKE

You'll have to kill me first.

ELIZABETH

Then perhaps we should go for a drive.

**INT. TAXI - NIGHT**

Katie leans her head on Jake's chest, all smiles. Jake's obviously still rattled from the conversation.

**INT. JAKE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Jake's in a t-shirt and pajama bottoms. Brushes his teeth.

Suddenly he spits out his toothbrush. White paste all over his mouth.

He starts to rub his hands together and quickly rock back and forth.

**EXT. SOCIAL SERVICES AGENCY - HARLEM - DAY (2013)**

A rundown social services agency with bars on the windows.

**INT. KATIE'S OFFICE - DAY**

DIEGO, a 4-year-old Hispanic boy, is in Katie's dowdy office. He has drawn an elaborate picture of a house and a large sun.

KATIE

That's beautiful, Diego.  
I've never seen purple  
trees like that before.

Diego beams.

KATIE

But I'm afraid our time is  
up. We'll have to continue  
next week.

Diego's smile disappears.

KATIE

Hey, I need a New York-sized hug.  
(Diego hugs her)  
You are the world's best hugger,  
you know that?

DIEGO

Five more minutes?

KATIE

I'll see you next time.

Katie hands him his picture to take home. Diego's upset.

KATIE

C'mere.

Katie takes his picture. She grabs the sun and pretends it's in her hand.

KATIE  
Open your mouth.

He does. She puts "the sun" in his mouth.

KATIE  
There's no way you can frown  
with the sun in your mouth.  
Go ahead. Try.

Diego tries to frown but starts to laugh.

KATIE  
And every time you laugh  
sunshine comes out.

Diego laughs more.

KATIE  
See? I'm getting a tan.

He covers his mouth playfully. Leaves happily.

**INT. STAFF LOUNGE - LATER**

Katie drinks coffee in the makeshift lounge. Watches the horror of the day on CNN.

DR. ANN CORMAN, the head of the agency, comes in.

DOCTOR CORMAN  
Have a sec?

**INT. DR. CORMAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

DOCTOR CORMAN  
A case just got transferred  
to us-- a 5-year-old girl,  
Lucy Carter. Her father died  
when she was an infant, drug  
overdose. Her mother was a  
prostitute murdered by a  
john almost a year ago.

KATIE  
Where's she living?

DOCTOR CORMAN  
Foster parents on 133rd Street.  
She hasn't spoken a word since  
her mother's funeral.

Katie's eyes nearly pop out.

KATIE  
She hasn't talked for a year?

Doctor Corman shakes her head no.

KATIE  
How was her speaking before?

DOCTOR CORMAN  
A chatterbox.

KATIE  
Any physiological...

DOCTOR CORMAN  
Not a thing... I thought  
you might be interested.

**INT. KATIE'S OFFICE - DAY**

LUCY CARTER, 5, is a beautiful black girl. She sits on the floor where she has drawn several pictures.

KATIE  
Which one's your favorite?

Lucy doesn't say a word.

KATIE  
Just point.

Lucy's still silent. Katie now leans in to her.

KATIE  
Lucy, I know you're scared.  
You've had some terrible  
things happen to you. But  
you're totally safe here.  
I'm going to help you get  
better. I promise.

**INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Katie picks up the lone framed picture she has in her apartment.

It's a photo of her and Jake at their dining room table when she was 5 after some sort of feast. They're both smiling ear to ear.

**INT. CAMPUS BAR - LATER**

Katie sits at the bar in a sexy halter top. Downs a beer. Three empty bottles in front of her.

A GUY approaches.

GUY

Four beers, huh?

KATIE

You must be a math major.

GUY

Not even lite beer. Unusual for a girl.

KATIE

I have self-destructive tendencies.

**INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - CENTRAL PARK WEST - LATER**

Katie has a lovely, airy apartment with a view of the park. Not your typical grad student dwelling.

The guy from the bar, pants around his ankles, pounds away at Katie on her living room floor. He SCREAMS in ecstasy.

**INT. BAR - DAY (1988)**

William sits at a table. Jake walks in, sits down without saying a word.

A WAITER comes over.

WILLIAM

Scotch. Neat.

The waiter looks at Jake. Jake shakes his head no.

WILLIAM

Elizabeth can be... difficult. No one knows this better than I do.

Jake's silent. He isn't going to make this easy.

WILLIAM

Jake, it's not even two years since she lost her sister. They were very close.

JAKE

Trish hated Elizabeth.

WILLIAM

(smiles)

Sisters sometimes say things.

JAKE

Found her controlling, selfish,  
judgemental...

William's smile fades.

WILLIAM

We're two very bright men--  
let's speak frankly. We  
proposed something which  
you've let us know is of  
no interest. We won't bring  
it up again. But there is  
another matter to address.

William takes a thick folder from his briefcase.

WILLIAM

Last fall they weren't letting  
you receive mail or take calls.  
So without direction from you,  
we had to make a decision about  
school for Katie. Andrew and  
Michael are at Collegiate which,  
as you know, is only for boys.

The waiter appears with William's scotch. He takes a  
surprisingly long swig.

WILLIAM

Katie got in everywhere  
we applied. I'm sure being  
your daughter didn't hurt.

William hands Jake a glossy booklet for THE BREARLEY SCHOOL.

WILLIAM

We accepted an offer at  
Worthington. If there's a  
better girls' school in  
the country it'd be news  
to me.

Jake pages through the booklet. Pictures of white, preppy  
girls in bows looking intellectually challenged.

JAKE

They wear uniforms.

WILLIAM

They have an 80% acceptance rate to the Ivy League.

JAKE

William...

WILLIAM

You can be as progressive as you want, but the public schools are a jungle. At PS 75-- your neighborhood school-- a second grader was stabbed to death last year. By a fifth grader. Is that what you want for Katie?

JAKE

I'll figure something out.

WILLIAM

School starts Tuesday-- what are you going to figure out by then?

Jake is at a loss. William slides the folder towards Jake. Jake stares at the booklet for a long minute.

He begins to rock in his seat and quickly rub his hands together. William is shocked.

After a moment, Jake stops. William continues as if nothing happened.

WILLIAM

Do you have any idea how hard it is to get a child into a good private school in Manhattan? Everybody who applies is rich, connected and underhanded.

JAKE

I said I'll figure it out!!

Jake stands up.

JAKE

We're not raising my daughter by committee.

He throws a five dollar bill on the table.

JAKE

Let me buy you a drink.

**INT. ELIZABETH'S APT - FIFTH AVENUE - DAY (2013)**

Elizabeth's apartment is as immaculate as it was 25 years earlier.

But Elizabeth, now in her 60s, has aged badly.

She and Katie have brunch. JAY, a young Filipino housekeeper, fills their coffee cups.

KATIE

Thank you.

They eat in silence. Finally:

ELIZABETH

(an invitation)

I'm going to visit Andrew in Washington next weekend.

KATIE

Finals are coming up.

ELIZABETH

Another time.

KATIE

Yes.

They continue to eat.

ELIZABETH

Remember little Richie Merkel from down the hall?

KATIE

Uh-huh.

ELIZABETH

He was visiting his parents the other day. He's now a strapping young man.

Katie shows no interest.

ELIZABETH

He asked about you-- always does. He's in his last year at Yale Law School. A very nice boy.

KATIE

What would I do with a  
nice boy?

ELIZABETH

Probably the same thing  
you do with the other boys  
after a few drinks.

KATIE

You raised me.

**EXT. PS 75 ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY (1988)**

Jake and Katie stand outside the dreary school. She is one of  
a few white faces in a sea of black students.

They wait their turn to go through the metal detector.  
Katie sets the alarm off. They make her go through again.

She sets it off again. A FEMALE POLICE OFFICER frisks her.

Katie looks at her father in distress. He fakes an  
encouraging smile.

**INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY**

Jake and Katie sit in a crowded office. It's chaos. Unclear  
who, if anybody, is in charge.

Jake gets up. Approaches MISS SNYDER, a morbidly obese woman  
in a sleeveless top.

JAKE

(attempting charm)  
Hi there...

MISS SNYDER

(not looking up)  
We'll call you.

JAKE

We've been here three hours.  
She's missed half the day.

MISS SNYDER

Ain't missing much.

CHARLES, a hulking teenager, struts into the office.

CHARLES  
I forgot my class again,  
Miss Snyder.

MISS SNYDER  
Room 304, Charles.

Charles heads out.

MISS SNYDER  
It's that way.

She points in the opposite direction.

CHARLES  
Oh yeah.

He looks threateningly at Jake as he passes.

JAKE  
He goes to school here?

MISS SNYDER  
For the last 11 years.

JAKE  
Look, I'm not asking for  
special treatment or anything,  
but I am a little famous.

She stares at him. No idea who he is.

MISS SNYDER  
Not that famous.

JAKE  
I've won two Pulitzer Prizes.

MISS SNYDER  
Is that like a Grammy?

JAKE  
Well, yeah, in a way.

MISS SNYDER  
You know Prince?

JAKE  
Prince of...?

MISS SNYDER  
Prince! The man who rocks my world.

She sings a couple bars of "Purple Rain." She actually has a beautiful voice.

JAKE  
No, I don't know Prince.

MISS SNYDER  
We'll call you.

Jake sits down. A WOMAN with no warmth in her face appears.

WOMAN  
Katie Davis.

They get up.

WOMAN  
You in room 108.

JAKE  
I'll walk you.

Katie's terrified. They start towards the classroom.

WOMAN  
(to Jake)  
You not allowed.

Jake bends down to kiss Katie goodbye, but the woman has already whisked her away. Katie turns back in despair.

Jake blows her a kiss.

JAKE  
Have a great first day!

As she turns the corner, his face drops-- fights off tears.

**INT. KATIE'S OFFICE - DAY (2013)**

Katie shows Lucy a drawing from a children's book.

KATIE  
It's a beautiful pink bike,  
isn't it?

Lucy's silent.

KATIE  
I used to have a pink bike  
when I was a little girl...  
Have you ever ridden a bike?

Nothing.

KATIE

Do any of your friends have  
bikes?

Still nothing.

KATIE

Lucy, I know you're scared.  
But you know me. You know  
you can trust me. It's time...  
You're ready for this. Have  
you ever ridden a bike?

Katie gets off her chair. She's now on her knees in front of  
Lucy-- takes her hands in hers.

KATIE

C'mon Luce... it's just me.  
Just Katie.

Katie stares at Lucy for a long minute-- she's so innocent,  
frightened, vulnerable.

KATIE

(defeated)  
Go get your things.

**INT. DR. CORMAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Dr. Corman is all business.

DR. CORMAN

So how's it going with Lucy?

KATIE

I think it's going great.  
She's highly cooperative,  
holds eye contact longer...

DR. CORMAN

She was highly cooperative  
when she came here.

(knows the answer)  
Is she talking?

KATIE

It's a process.

Dr. Corman smiles condescendingly.

DR. CORMAN  
I'm going to transfer the  
case to Doctor Weinberg.  
She's a very experienced...

KATIE  
I think that's a mistake.

Dr. Corman is surprised at the challenge.

KATIE  
Lucy never knew her father.  
Her mother was a prostitute  
and drug addict. Do you  
know how hard it is for  
her to establish trust?  
We're making progress.

DR. CORMAN  
Not the kind I can put  
in her 60 day report.

KATIE  
(accusatory)  
Oh.

DR. CORMAN  
This is not about trying  
to impress the state agency  
that just happens to fund  
us in a time of severe  
cutbacks! And it's also  
not about protecting your  
precious doctoral student ego.

Katie stares defiantly.

DR. CORMAN  
It's about helping this  
little girl who's suffered  
such severe trauma she can't  
even speak anymore. Who will  
live an unbearably bleak life  
unless we connect with her  
and soon. We've failed her  
and we have to fix this.

KATIE  
We have not failed her!

DR. CORMAN

Katie, you're a very bright young woman and you're going to be an exceptional psychologist someday. But it's a flaw, and not a small one, to not know when to admit defeat and move on.

Katie sits fuming.

DR. CORMAN

You're to inform Lucy that Tuesday's session will be your last. At the end of the session, Dr. Weinberg will come in and introduce herself.

Katie gets up. Heads to the door.

DR. CORMAN

Katie...

She turns around.

DR. CORMAN

Good intentions are a wonderful thing. But in life we have to produce results.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY**

Katie runs along the Central Park loop-- she's a serious runner.

She runs past a playground at the edge of the park crowded with CHILDREN. Stares at 3 BLACK GIRLS Lucy's age playing jump rope and laughing.

Katie runs faster, faster, faster. Almost as if trying to outrun her anger.

She passes a lone MALE RUNNER.

**INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Katie and the male jogger are in bed. He finishes, laughs, stares at Katie.

KATIE

I have a ton of studying.

**INT. KATIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Katie eats a dinner of yogurt out of the cup. Reads *The New Yorker* between spoonfuls. Her lonely little life.

**INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Katie can't sleep. Stares at the ceiling.

**INT. BANK STREET SCHOOL - DAY (1988)**

A progressive private school across from the Columbia campus. The perfect place for a writer's daughter.

JAKE

Jake Davis for Laura Garner.

WOMAN

She'll just be a minute.  
Can I get you coffee, tea,  
water?

JAKE

I'm good, thanks.

She smiles warmly.

WOMAN

Have you seen today's  
Times yet?

She offers him the newspaper.

**INT. LAURA GARNER'S OFFICE - DAY**

LAURA GARNER, 45, is smart and funky.

LAURA

The Stantons' are a very  
active family here.

JAKE

Ted's terrific. Great agent.  
Better friend.

LAURA

I should tell you, *Leaving  
The Dance* changed my life.

JAKE

(flirty)  
For the better, I hope.

LAURA

But I'll tell you what I told Ted on the phone. We'd love to have someone like Katie at school here. And we want to support single fathers like yourself. But we're absolutely full.

JAKE

Always room for one more.

LAURA

There are only so many seats.

JAKE

She'll stand.

LAURA

Mr. Davis...

JAKE

Jake.

LAURA

Jake... as much as we'd love to have the daughter of a Pulitzer Prize winning novelist here...

JAKE

Two. Two Pulitzers.

Jake smiles. He's obviously charming her.

LAURA

Look, I shouldn't tell you this, but a little girl's father just got transferred to London this morning. We actually do have an opening.

JAKE

That would be fantastic!!

LAURA

I have a waiting list as long as both my arms! There'd be a revolt. And probably a lawsuit. Why didn't you apply last fall?

JAKE

There must be some way...

We can see the wheels turning in Jake's head.

LAURA

(ending the conversation)  
I'm really sorry. But we do  
accept students again for 6th  
grade. And I love your books.

JAKE

What about faculty?

LAURA

What about them?

JAKE

Faculty get priority for  
admission?

LAURA

Well, yes, but...

JAKE

I'll teach creative writing  
to seniors.

LAURA

We're not budgeted for...

JAKE

A dollar a semester.

LAURA

Jake, I appreciate...

JAKE

The craft of the short story.  
Focus on student work and  
study of the masters-- Twain,  
Hemingway, Roth and maybe a  
piece I'm currently working on.

LAURA

You really want to teach  
creative writing to twelfth  
graders?

JAKE

I really want my daughter to  
attend Bank Street.

LAURA

And you'll write recommendations  
for their college applications?

JAKE  
For any student who shows talent.

She eyes him suspiciously.

JAKE  
Talent being generously defined,  
of course.

She studies Jake. Opens her purse. Takes out a dollar.  
Hands it to him.

LAURA  
We're paid up through  
the Fall.

**EXT. BROADWAY - DAY**

Jake carries Katie's knapsack and lunch box. The two of them  
hold hands as they walk past the storefronts.

JAKE  
You know what my favorite  
part of the day is?

KATIE  
What?

JAKE  
Right now. Taking you  
to school.

Katie beams.

**EXT. BANK STREET SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS**

They're now in front of the school.

JAKE  
Don't learn everything you  
need to know today. Leave  
some stuff for tomorrow

KATIE  
(giggles)  
OK.

JAKE  
I need a New York-sized hug.

She gives him a huge hug.

JAKE  
You're my Potato Chip.  
You and no one else.

Katie sees a FRIEND.

KATIE  
Allison, hi!

The two girls hold hands as they go through the doors.

**INT. JAKE'S STUDY - DAY**

Jake types away. The phone rings. He ignores it.  
It finally stops. After a minute, starts ringing again.

JAKE  
(to the phone)  
I'm fucking working!!

The phone continues to ring.

JAKE  
Hello?... Oh, hey, William...  
Uhm, sure, we'd be happy to  
come to dinner...

Jake gives William the finger over the phone.

JAKE  
Thursday night? I'm on this  
writer's panel... Katie has  
soccer on Saturday-- she'll be  
tired afterwards. Sunday I'm  
taking her to the theatre...  
She misses the boys, too.  
We're just very... Hey, can  
I call you back, I'm right  
in the middle of... Yeah,  
yeah, we'll definitely make  
dinner happen.

Jake hangs up.

JAKE  
Not in this lifetime.

**INT. JAKE'S STUDY - LATER**

Jake hasn't moved for hours. Pounds away at the keys.  
The phone rings again. He grabs it, annoyed.

JAKE

Yeah?

(beat)

What?! What?! No, no, no,  
that's bullshit, there's  
money in that account. I  
don't give a shit what  
your records show, I  
didn't bounce anything.  
Don't call here again!

Jake hangs up. Buries his head in his hands.

Jake's body suddenly jolts. He now starts rubbing his hands frantically. Can't stop. His body rocks back and forth.

JAKE

Fuck! Fuck!

**INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE (2013)**

Katie sits with CAROLYN, her fortyish shrink. Katie stares off into space, lost in her thoughts. Finally:

KATIE

I don't love.

CAROLYN

But you have loved.

KATIE

Once. A very long time ago.

CAROLYN

So you know you can love.

Katie shakes her head no.

KATIE

(taps her heart)

There's nothing inside here  
anymore. I'm like an old,  
empty well-- dried up  
and barren.

Katie is lost in her thoughts.

KATIE

You know why I fuck all  
these guys?

CAROLYN

Why?

KATIE

Not so I can feel love or intimacy or even sexual satisfaction. But just so I can feel... something.

Carolyn just stares at her.

KATIE

Besides, I figure someone should enjoy my being on the planet.

CAROLYN

But they're men you don't even like.

Katie nods.

CAROLYN

What would you do if you met a man you actually did like?

KATIE

I don't know. Probably make him regret the day he ever laid eyes on me.

**INT. BANK STREET CLASSROOM - DAY (1988)**

A seminar room of 12 SENIORS. A bohemian girl, MADISON, reads her story in a sleep-inducing monotone.

MADISON

Her eyes were little black pools of India ink that matched her skirt and her mood...

The other students fight head-bobs.

We now see Jake working on an elaborate doodle of a man stuck in a prison cell filled with school desks. The man is trying to hang himself.

MADISON

And while Trey might have stolen her virginity that sultry summer night in East Hampton, she vowed someday she'd be a virgin again.

Madison has finished.

JAKE

Thank you, Madison, that was lovely. So what did we like about the story?

Not a single hand goes up.

JAKE

Well, there's a lot of good things I responded to...

**INT. TED STANTON'S OFFICE - DAY**

The dark-wood bookshelves and beautiful Oriental rugs of a first-tier New York literary agent.

Jake walks in, all smiles.

JAKE

I have a gift for you for helping get Katie into Bank Street.

TED

That's not necessary.

Jake takes an overstuffed manilla envelope out of his satchel. Throws it on Ted's desk.

TED

What the...

Ted opens the envelope eagerly.

JAKE

You don't think I spent all my time at Briarwood basket weaving?

Ted pulls out the manuscript.

TED

(reads the title)  
"Bitter Tulips." I like it. Any good?

JAKE

It's the best thing I've ever written.

TED

Really?!

JAKE

I'm sure of it.

TED

(laughs)  
You son of a bitch!!  
I'll have it sold  
by lunch.

JAKE

Good. Cause I'm broke.

**INT. KATIE'S OFFICE - DAY (2013)**

Katie's reading from the Olivia books.

KATIE

(reading)  
"Just what could Olivia  
be thinking?"  
(to Lucy)  
What's Olivia thinking?

Lucy says nothing. Katie shows her the picture.

KATIE

She's thinking I'd make a  
pretty good opera singer  
myself... Do you think  
she'd make a good opera  
singer? For a pig, I mean?

Lucy remains silent. Katie closes the book.

KATIE

Can you put the book back  
on the shelf?

Lucy does and sits back down. Katie pauses. Takes a deep  
breath. Here goes:

KATIE

Lucy, I've had so much fun  
with you the past couple  
months. It's been such a  
pleasure to get to know  
you and read together  
and draw pictures.

Lucy looks at her attentively.

KATIE

And I was telling my friend Carla, who also works here, what a joy it was spending time with you and she said she would love to play with you, too. She's very nice and she can't wait to meet you. So she's going to come by in a few minutes and say hi and from now on when you come, you'll see Carla instead of Katie, OK?

Lucy stares at Katie, looks very upset.

KATIE

It's gonna be fine.

LUCY

No.

KATIE

What?!

Lucy pauses. Swallows. Remembers how to talk.

LUCY

I want to stay with you.

**EXT. BROADWAY - DAY**

Katie walks home. For the first time, she seems light and happy.

She passes the Bank Street School. Stops to watch a SEA OF PARENTS chatting while they wait to pick up their children.

She stares at a man who looks a lot like Jake.

**Dissolve To:**

**EXT. BANK STREET - DAY (1988)**

A different SEA OF PARENTS chat waiting to pick up their children.

Jake mingles with the COSMOPOLITAN MOMS and JAMAICAN NANNIES. He's positively beaming.

A 5-year-old Katie comes out of the doors and makes a beeline for him. He picks her up. Throws her in the air.

JAKE

I have great news!

KATIE

What?!

JAKE

Daddy sold a book today.

Katie's obviously disappointed this is the news.

KATIE

Is that good?

JAKE

It's the best. It means you can have any toy on the planet.

Now Katie's excited.

KATIE

I want a bike! Pink! With a basket and bell. And streamers dangling from the handlebars.

JAKE

Then that is what you shall have.

**EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - DAY**

Upbeat MUSIC underneath.

Jake teaches Katie how to ride a bike. He's got boundless energy as he runs along beside her holding her new pink bike.

**EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - LATER**

Jake's wiped. Katie still hasn't gotten it. He runs with her until he can't hold on to the bike anymore. He collapses on the ground.

Katie keeps pedaling. She's riding by herself for the first time!

Jake springs up like a jack-in-the-box. He jumps up and down.

JAKE  
Go!! Go Katie Go!!

He turns to a COUPLE walking by.

JAKE  
That's my girl!! That's my daughter!!

The couple smiles politely, but looks frightened.  
Jake waves at Katie.

JAKE  
Go baby go!!

Katie waves back proudly and promptly falls.

**INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Katie with a large band aid on her face sits at the table.  
Jake brings out two plates of steaming pasta.

KATIE  
We had spaghetti last night.

JAKE  
This is linguine. Whole  
different thing.

Katie gives him a look.

JAKE  
Get the menus.

Katie is off in a flash to get the take-out menus

JAKE  
(shouts)  
But we're having Mexican.

KATIE (O.S.)  
Chinese.

JAKE  
And you're paying. I got  
it last time.

**INT. DINING ROOM - LATER**

Katie happily tears open a steaming egg roll. She watches her  
father eat a Moo Shoo pancake. Stares at him adoringly.

**INT. JAKE'S STUDY - NIGHT**

Jake types. Katie wanders in.

KATIE  
What are you doing?

JAKE  
I'm writing a new book.

KATIE  
What's it about?

JAKE  
I don't know yet.

KATIE  
I know what it can be about.

JAKE  
What?

KATIE  
Me. You could write a  
book about me.

JAKE  
(smiles)  
Maybe I will.

**INT. KATIE'S ROOM - BEDTIME**

Katie's in her pajamas. Jake finishes reading a fairy tale.

JAKE  
And the Prince and Princess  
lived...

KATIE  
Happily ever after.

JAKE  
OK. Lights out.

Jake turns on her night light before turning off the lamp.

KATIE  
Am I a princess?

JAKE  
Of course you are.

KATIE

What does a Princess do?

JAKE

Well, they, you know...  
go to royal balls-- that  
sort of thing.

KATIE

I've never been to a ball.

Jake stares at Katie. Turns on the clock radio. The Rolling  
Stones' *Wild Horses* plays.

Jake picks up a princess tiara from Katie's dress-up shelf.  
Gently places it on Katie's head.

JAKE

May I have this dance,  
Princess Potato Chip?

KATIE

(giggles)  
Yes, you may.

They dance beautifully together, both beaming.  
A magical moment!

**INT. KATIE'S ROOM - LATER**

Katie's all tucked in bed. Jake strokes her face.

JAKE

I'm so proud of you,  
you know that?

Katie smiles.

JAKE

I love you a trillion  
trillions.

KATIE

I love you more than  
the last number.

Jake gets up to leave.

KATIE

Daddy...

Jake turns around.

KATIE  
This is the best day I  
ever had.

JAKE  
Me too, Katie. Me too.

**INT. KATIE'S OFFICE - DAY (2013)**

KATIE  
What do you think of when  
you think about your Mom?

Lucy's silent.

KATIE  
It's just me.

Lucy looks at her. Finally:

LUCY  
Scared.

KATIE  
Why scared?

LUCY  
Because.

KATIE  
Because...

LUCY  
Because when I love  
someone they leave me.

Katie nods. Knows the feeling.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - WESTCHESTER - DAY**

A black town car rolls along a crowded stretch of highway.

**INT. TOWN CAR - DAY**

We now see Katie in the back in a nice skirt. She carries a bouquet of flowers.

**EXT. LOCAL ROADS - CONTINUOUS**

The car winds through local streets.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

The limousine stops in front of cemetery gates. A DRIVER steps out, opens the passenger door.

DRIVER  
Miss, how long do you need?  
An hour?

KATIE  
Less.

**EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY**

Katie stands in front of her mother's grave. We see her mother's tombstone: PATRICIA DAVIS 1952 - 1985.

She kneels down. Pulls some roses out of the bouquet. Places them by her mother's tombstone. She now takes the rest of the roses and turns to the tombstone next to her mother's.

We see JAKE DAVIS 1951-- but Katie's body blocks us from seeing what year he died.

She puts the rest of the roses on his grave.

KATIE  
Hey guys... Don't really  
feel like talking.

Katie pulls a joint out of her purse. Silently smokes it.

**INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT - NIGHT**

A loft party in Tribeca. Katie looks drop-dead gorgeous. She sits with AMANDA who has a pretty face but is heavy.

AMANDA  
Do you realize you could  
sleep with any guy here? I  
don't care if they have a  
girlfriend. If they're  
married. Queer. You could  
have them horizontal in  
5 minutes.  
(beat)  
Must be nice to have so  
much power.

KATIE

Seriously? Is this going to be tonight's topic of conversation?

AMANDA

I fucking wish I were beautiful. Why did God give so much importance to something that's so arbitrary.

KATIE

I don't know why I let you drag me to these things.

AMANDA

You spend too much time alone.

KATIE

I like being alone.

AMANDA

Not me. I'm a people person. The only thing I think about when I'm alone is how fat and single I am. And that just makes me want to eat more which makes me fatter and more certain to stay single.

(beat)

What's the clinical term for me?

KATIE

Female.

**EXT. PARTY - BALCONY - LATER**

Katie pulls a bottle of beer out of a tub filled with ice. Sips it. Looks out at the glowing city.

CAMERON, early 30s, handsome, arty, confident approaches.

CAMERON

They say every sip of beer kills a thousand brain cells.

KATIE

I've known many very smart people in my life. And not one of them was happy.

Cameron clinks the bottles.

CAMERON  
I'll drink to that.  
(drinks)  
Cameron. Cameron Knowles.

KATIE  
Katie.

CAMERON  
What, we're not gonna be  
on a last name basis? That's  
a grave insult in my homeland.

KATIE  
Where's your homeland?

CAMERON  
Connecticut.

Katie laughs.

KATIE  
You have the funny,  
sensitive thing down  
pretty good, don't you?

CAMERON  
I get by.

Katie's charmed. Puts out her hand.

KATIE  
Katie Davis.

CAMERON  
Nice to meet you, Katie Davis.

KATIE  
Same here.

CAMERON  
No, you're not sure if it's  
nice to meet me yet. And  
that's OK. You're under  
no obligation to buy.

KATIE  
Good. Because I relish my  
freedom.

Katie tries to say it flirty, but the truth seeps out.

CAMERON  
Something tells me that's true.

Katie's feelings are hurt. She looks out at the city.

Cameron stands there. She's much too beautiful to give up on that easily.

CAMERON  
You know, my favorite writer is Jake Davis. He and his wife had one child before she died in a car accident-- a daughter named Katie.

Katie just stares at him.

CAMERON  
I guess it's a pretty common name.

KATIE  
21 on Facebook.

CAMERON  
Only one Cameron Winston Knowles III. What are the odds?

Katie smiles.

CAMERON  
But Jake Davis is amazing. He's the reason I became a writer.

KATIE  
You're a writer?

CAMERON  
Filmmaker. But, you know...

Katie makes the slightest grimace.

CAMERON  
Oh, no, don't give me that face. That's the face my parents made when I told them I was turning down the Wharton School to make a documentary called, "A Day in the Life of Central Park."

KATIE  
I think people should do what makes them happy.

CAMERON  
You sound like a shrink.  
(beat)  
You are a shrink.

KATIE  
One more year for my doctorate.

Cameron stares at her.

CAMERON  
God, you're gorgeous.

KATIE  
Is that important?

CAMERON  
It doesn't suck.  
(then)  
You didn't have to read Jake  
Davis in College? I thought  
everybody did.

Katie shrugs.

CAMERON  
His most famous book is about  
his life with his daughter  
when she was little. It's  
called Fathers and Daughters.  
The main character is a  
5-year-old girl called  
Potato Chip. He used to  
call her his Potato Chip.

Katie stands very still.

CAMERON  
He dedicated the book to  
her. He wrote, "To Katie,  
My Potato Chip, who I love  
more than the last number."

Katie starts to shake. Tears stream down her cheeks.  
Cameron stares at her. Knows her secret.

**INT. SHAKE SHACK - NIGHT**

Katie and Cameron down burgers.

CAMERON  
How close is the book to  
what really happened?

KATIE  
It's a lot funnier in  
the book.

**INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

They finish making love in Cameron's tiny bedroom. Cameron bolts up, goes to his overflowing book shelf.

He rifles through some books, finds Fathers and Daughters. Hands the book and a pen to Katie.

CAMERON  
Sign it?

Katie does.

CAMERON  
"To Cameron, who almost  
brought me to orgasm."

Cameron laughs.

CAMERON  
I guess I'm not showing  
this off to anyone.

**INT. JAKE'S STUDY - DAY (1988)**

Music BLASTS. Jake's totally in the zone. He wears an old brown sweater and types away singing wildly off key.

We hear a banging on the floor. It's the downstairs neighbor complaining about the noise.

JAKE  
It's going good, Mrs. Herzog.  
You have to respect the muse.

We hear even louder THUMPS from below. Mrs. Herzog obviously doesn't respect the muse.

Jake turns the music up louder to cover the thumping noise-- continues typing away.

**INT. JAKE'S STUDY - LATER**

The music is off. Jake types furiously. It looks like he hasn't moved in hours. The phone rings. He looks at the clock. 3:20.

JAKE

Shit!!

He races out without stopping to put a jacket on.

**INT. BANK STREET - CLASSROOM - DAY**

Katie sits by herself. She's not happy. Her TEACHER straightens up. Jake hurries in.

JAKE

The train got stuck at  
96th street. Some idiot  
pulled the emergency brake.

KATIE

You still have your  
writing sweater on.

JAKE

(busted)  
I'm sorry.

KATIE

You said you would set the  
alarm when you're working!

JAKE

I forgot. Katie, I'm so sorry.

KATIE

I hate being the last one  
picked up.

**INT. JAKE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Katie and Jake eat silently. Katie's obviously still mad.

**INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jake tucks Katie in.

JAKE

Once the book comes out,  
money shouldn't be so tight  
and I was thinking maybe  
I'd hire a part-time nanny.  
She could pick you up from  
school. Spend some time  
with you in the afternoon  
when I'm working.

KATIE

(hurt)

You don't want to get me  
from school anymore?

JAKE

Katie, No! I love getting  
you from school. Spending  
time with you is my favorite  
thing in the world. I just  
need to work, that's all.

KATIE

And this will help you work?

JAKE

Yeah.

KATIE

Then OK.

**EXT. ELEGANT DESSERT PLACE – DAY (2013)**

Katie and Lucy are having afternoon tea at a  
fancy dessert place. It's clear Lucy's never  
been any place like this.

LUCY

Why are we here?

KATIE

We're celebrating  
your birthday, silly.

LUCY

My birthday's not for  
6 months.

KATIE

You don't want to wait  
until the last minute,  
do you?

Lucy laughs.

A waiter brings over a fancy dessert cart.  
Lucy's eyes nearly pop out.

**INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM – DAY (1988)**

STACEY, 24, is a very pretty grad student.

STACEY

When I heard Jake Davis  
was looking for a part-time  
Nanny I jumped out of my seat.  
You're my very favorite author.

JAKE

Well, you'd be spending most  
of your time with Katie,  
my 5-year-old daughter.

STACEY

I love kids. I've been  
baby sitting since I was 12.  
Worked as a camp counselor  
3 summers in college.

JAKE

And now you're a grad  
student at Columbia?

STACEY

I'm getting my MFA in  
creative writing.

Jake makes the same grimace Katie made with Cameron.

STACEY

But I would never ask you to  
look at my work or anything.  
I know how busy you must be.

JAKE

So basically the job is  
from 3 to 6. You'd pick up  
Katie at school and take  
her to the park or bring  
her back here and play  
quietly in her room. I  
write until 6. And then I  
get dinner together. We  
generally have pasta.

STACEY

I love to cook!

**INT. JAKE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Stacey shows Katie how to spice chicken.

STACEY

This is Paprika. You just want to put a shake or two on it. You try.

Katie does.

STACEY

Yeah, that's it. Now we stick it in the oven until it's golden brown.

We hear Jake's typewriter banging away in the study.

STACEY

You hear that? That's the sound of genius. Do you know what a genius is?

KATIE

No.

STACEY

Your father is the greatest living American writer.

Katie shrugs.

STACEY

And I am cooking his dinner.

A shiver goes through Stacey.

**INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Jake and Katie are cuddled on the sofa watching "His Girl Friday." They share a bowl of popcorn.

JAKE

That's Cary Grant.  
Wasn't he handsome?

KATIE

Not as handsome as you.

Jake eyes Katie. She's apparently serious.

JAKE

Yeah, I suppose that's true.

Katie snuggles in tighter. Stuffs another handful of popcorn in her mouth. Good times.

**EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY (2013)**

Katie and Cameron run along the water. The Hudson gleams in the background.

**EXT. BATTERY PARK - SUNSET**

Katie and Cameron are stretched out on the grass. Share a bottle of water.

KATIE

So you really turned down  
the Wharton School to make  
a documentary on Central Park?

CAMERON

I did. It's actually a felony  
where I grew up in Greenwich.

KATIE

(laughs)  
Did the movie get released?

CAMERON

7 theaters in 6 cities. It  
did \$128,431 which-- for a  
non-Michael Moore documentary--  
isn't half bad.

Katie smiles.

CAMERON

I've won a grant to do my  
second documentary on the  
life and thought of Erich  
Fromm. So there's not much  
chance of me topping my  
previous box office record.

KATIE

But you love it.

CAMERON

I do.

KATIE

My father loved his work.

CAMERON

But I'm sure not half  
as much as he loved his  
little girl.

Katie smiles, flattered and embarrassed at the same time.

Cameron goes to take her hand. Katie looks awkwardly at him. Clearly uncomfortable with this.

CAMERON

You know, I have seen  
you naked.

KATIE

They're two different  
things.

CAMERON

I hope so. I hold hands  
with my grandmother.

Katie laughs. Now surrenders her hand.

KATIE

I think I like you  
Cameron Knowles.

CAMERON

Yeah, I think you should.

Cameron gently takes her hand and suddenly pulls her on top of him. Kisses her passionately.

Katie shrieks and laughs, kisses him back. The sun sets over the water. A nice moment.

**INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY (1988)**

JAKE

And this guy from Newsweek is  
insisting-- insisting-- that  
in 10 years everyone's gonna  
be writing on computers.  
Typewriters are gonna go the  
way of the horse and buggy...  
I mean he's fucking nuts.

TED

Jake, some of Bitter Tulips'  
reviews are in.

JAKE

And?

Ted throws a literary journal on the desk. Jake reads it eagerly.

JAKE  
This is awful!!

TED  
You've gotten bad reviews  
before.

JAKE  
Not like this.

Jake continues reading. His eyes nearly pop out.

JAKE  
He didn't get it at all.

TED  
No.

JAKE  
Are there others?

Ted nods.

JAKE  
And?

TED  
Same.

JAKE  
What about the Times?

Ted shakes his head no.

JAKE  
Fuck!! Who wrote it?

TED  
Colson.

JAKE  
That prick! This is payback  
because I wouldn't write a  
fucking blurb for his novella.

TED  
Knopf is cutting the initial  
run in half.

JAKE  
What?!

TED

If it starts to sell...

JAKE

Are they slashing the  
marketing budget, too?

Ted nods.

JAKE

If they don't get behind  
it, I'm dead in the water.  
Everyone'll know they think  
it's shit.

TED

I fought like a bastard!  
They don't care about what  
you've done. They're just  
a bunch of bean counters.

**INT. JAKE'S KITCHEN - LATER**

Jake eats a sandwich over a plate at the counter.

Reads the reviews which we are also able to read:

"A novel that is at once overstuffed and  
underwritten. A book so bad it makes you  
wonder if Mr. Davis was ever really that good?"

"So incomprehensible it might as well have been  
written in Latin or Aramaic. Or better yet, not  
at all."

"If a young, unknown writer gave me this book,  
I would strongly urge him to apply to dental  
school."

Jake suddenly picks up the plate. Hurls it against the  
wall. It smashes into a thousand pieces. It feels good.

He grabs a dish out of the sink. Slams it against the  
counter. He wants more.

Picks up a mixing bowl. Eyes a glass cabinet full of china.

He throws the bowl. Hits the cabinet dead center.

China comes spilling out.

He now grabs the entire cabinet-- pulls it off the wall. It  
smashes into a million pieces on the floor.

**INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (2013)**

In the middle of Cameron's tiny living room is a full-sized ping pong table.

Cameron and Katie play with a paddle in each hand. Katie returns a shot and Cameron slams it home.

CAMERON

And Knowles leads Davis 17 to 5  
at the East Village Invitational.  
The crowd goes wild for their  
home-table champion.

(as though a crowd)

Knowles! Knowles! Knowles!

KATIE

(laughs)

Will you just serve?

CAMERON

The crowd has Davis rattled.

KATIE

Cameron!

Cameron picks up the ball with the paddles. Fakes serving with one paddle and serves with the other. They volley.

Cameron again slams a shot for the point.

CAMERON

And it looks like there's no  
stopping Knowles. Davis is  
running out of tricks.

KATIE

See the next time you get laid.

CAMERON

Oh, she plays her trump card!  
Knowles is going to have to  
ratchet it up a notch.

He picks up a remote. Turns on a massive sound system.

We now hear a CROWD OF THOUSANDS chanting Knowles!!  
Knowles!! Knowles!!

Katie laughs. Tosses her paddles on the table.

KATIE

I give up. What does the  
loser have to do?

CAMERON  
You could start by taking  
off your shirt.

Katie unbuttons her top. Tosses it on the ground.

She's wearing a sexy black bra. Cameron stares at this  
gorgeous, half-naked woman in his living room.

CAMERON  
Jesus H. Christ.

**INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

They've finished making love. Cameron gently kisses her  
breasts, belly.

CAMERON  
You know, a lot of guys think  
the first couple times they  
sleep with a woman are the  
best. But not me. I think  
it gets better and better  
the more we do it.

He continues to kiss her body softly, tenderly.  
Katie looks uncomfortable. Cameron picks up on this.

CAMERON  
What?

Katie brushes it off.

CAMERON  
What?

KATIE  
(embarrassed)  
You know how many guys I've  
slept with more than once?

Cameron stares at her.

KATIE  
Two. You and a psych  
professor from junior year.

Cameron stops kissing her.

CAMERON  
That's fucked up.

KATIE

Yeah.

**EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY (1988)**

Jake and Katie are all dressed up.

JAKE

You sure you want to go to Elizabeth and William's Christmas Party? Because we don't have to. FAO Schwartz is just 20 blocks south.

KATIE

You've already bought me a million toys.

JAKE

What kid doesn't want more toys for Christmas?

They're now at the entrance of William and Elizabeth's apartment building.

JAKE

Last chance. The sky's the limit.

**INT. WILLIAM & ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - DAY**

The apartment looks gorgeous-- all decorated for Christmas.

SERVERS IN UNIFORMS stand behind elegant tables of food. Katie plays with a BUNCH OF KIDS.

Jake talks to a woman, SARAH, in a corner of the living room.

A MAN looks over at William who gives him the slightest nod. The man now approaches Jake.

MAN

Jake Davis, right?

JAKE

Yes.

MAN

Big fan of your work.

JAKE

Thank you.

SARAH

I'm gonna make sure my kids aren't overdosing on sugar cookies. Great meeting you, Jake.

JAKE

You too.

Sarah leaves.

MAN

Hey, sorry about your last book. That must have been rough the way the critics pounded you.

JAKE

I have no idea why God made critics or cockroaches, but I'm sure He has His reasons.

MAN

I mean, they HATED your book! HATED it! How do you get past something like that?

Jake stares at the guy. What's up his ass?

JAKE

You pick yourself up, dust yourself off and move on. Excuse me.

The man grabs Jake's arm.

MAN

You get over killing your wife the same way?

Jake DECKS the man. He goes down hard on the floor.

PEOPLE SCREAM!!!

William and Elizabeth exchange almost imperceptible smiles. Jake catches this-- realizes he's been set up.

**INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The room is dark. Jake sits on the corner of his bed, perfectly still. He looks deeply upset.

We suddenly see Jake's whole body jerk-- he now starts to rock back and forth worse than we've ever seen it.

He rubs his hands wildly.

JAKE

Fuck! Fuck!

He falls on the floor. Tries to steady himself. Can't.

JAKE

Weak!! Weak!!

**EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK – DAY (2013)**

Katie's with Lucy in the park. Right where Jake taught Katie how to ride a bike years earlier.

Katie holds the bike while Lucy gets on it. Lucy looks nervous as she steadies herself.

KATIE

You can do this. I know you can. Just steer straight and keep pedaling.

LUCY

(scared)

OK.

Katie runs with her down the path, finally lets go. Lucy stays up for a couple seconds and falls.

Katie runs over. Lucy's very upset.

LUCY

I'm sorry. Really sorry.

KATIE

About what?

LUCY

I didn't mean to let you down.

KATIE

You didn't let me down.

Katie takes her hands, pulls her up.

KATIE

We all fall, we just have to remember to get back up, that's all.

Lucy lunges at Katie, gives her a long, heartfelt hug. Katie holds her tight. It feels good.

KATIE  
You want to try again?

Lucy nods. She gets back on the bike.

Starts to pedal while Katie runs with her.  
Katie lets go and watches Lucy pedal away.

KATIE  
(just like Jake)  
That's my girl! That's my girl!!

Katie jumps up and down.

KATIE  
Go Lucy! Go!

**INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT — NIGHT**

Katie comes home. Throws down her bag and keys.

Wanders over to the picture of her and Jake.  
Picks it up. Smiles.

**INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY**

Katie and Cameron stare at a brilliant early Picasso.  
Cameron reads the card next to it on the wall.

CAMERON  
Picasso was 22 when he painted  
this. Why even bother, you know?

Katie rubs his back supportively.

KATIE  
Not everyone who makes it as  
an artist, makes it by 22.

CAMERON  
How old was your father when  
he won his first Pulitzer?

KATIE  
Older than 22.

CAMERON  
He was 24.

KATIE  
(smiles)  
Almost 25.

Cameron smiles back, but he's obviously upset.

CAMERON  
I'm not a wannabe, Katie.  
I swear to God I'm gonna  
make it as a filmmaker.

KATIE  
I know you will.

CAMERON  
I'm gonna be able to  
support you, I promise.

KATIE  
I don't care about that.

CAMERON  
But I do.

Katie kisses him sweetly.

KATIE  
Well, I do have a pretty  
good track record as a muse.

**INT. KATIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Very late. Cameron works away on his laptop. We notice an intensity and determination we haven't seen before.

Katie comes out of the bedroom in a night gown. She's holding a beautifully-wrapped box.

KATIE  
Aren't you coming to bed?

CAMERON  
(typing away)  
In a bit.

KATIE  
I have something for you.

Cameron looks up, notices the box. Katie hands it to him.

KATIE  
Go ahead.

Cameron opens it-- it's the old brown sweater we saw Jake wearing when he was writing and forgot to pick up Katie.

KATIE

My father used to write wearing this. He wrote almost all of Fathers and Daughters in it. I want you to have it.

CAMERON

Katie...

KATIE

It'll bring you luck.

CAMERON

I can't.

KATIE

It's OK.

CAMERON

I just can't...

He hands her back the sweater.

KATIE

Cameron... I like you. A lot. I know I have trouble saying it. I think you know by now I have some personal...  
(can't go there)  
The thing is, you're smart and funny and kind. And I want you to know how much you mean to me.

She hands him back the sweater-- kisses him sweetly. Now passionately.

He lays her down on the couch.

**INT. KATIE'S ROOM - DAY (1988)**

Jake has served Katie breakfast in bed. A single rose is in a vase on a silver tray.

KATIE

You're not writing at all today?

JAKE  
Not on Katie Emily Davis'  
6<sup>th</sup> birthday. Are you kidding me?

KATIE  
And we can do anything I want?

JAKE  
We can do everything you want.

**EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAY**

Jake and Katie ice skate holding hands. All smiles.

**INT. PORT AUTHORITY BOWLING ALLEY - DAY**

Katie rolls her ball with both hands. The ball trickles down the lane, barely moving.

It knocks up against a pin so gently that it rolls back without dropping it.

**INT. FIFTIES DINER - TIMES SQUARE - DAY**

Jake and Katie sit at a table waiting for their food at a touristy Fifties diner.

Smokey Robinson's, "I Second That Emotion" comes on.

THE WAITERS start to dance and sing along with the song. We now realize it's a "singing" diner.

Katie loves it. Jake stands up. Starts singing to Katie. She laughs hysterically. The waiters and diners egg him on.

Jake jumps on top of the counter. Sings and dances shamelessly-- his eyes never leaving Katie.

The crowd loves it. Katie beams-- the happiest girl in the world!

**INT. FIFTIES DINER - TIMES SQUARE - LATER**

Jake and Katie eat their hot dogs. He has mustard on his. She has ketchup on hers.

JAKE  
I can't believe I have a  
daughter who puts ketchup  
on hot dogs.

KATIE  
You don't like ketchup?

JAKE  
I love ketchup. On hamburgers.  
French fries. But on hot dogs?  
Ridiculous.

KATIE  
Well, I'm my own person.

JAKE  
You certainly are.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO - DAY**

Jake and Katie watch the Penguins.

A MOTHER, lovingly holding her 5-year-old DAUGHTER'S hand,  
walks by. Katie stares at the two of them as they pass.

JAKE  
Do you remember your Mom?

KATIE  
Not really.

JAKE  
It's OK.

KATIE  
(lying)  
I mean, a little.

JAKE  
You were the great joy  
of her life, you know that?

He pulls her into him.

JAKE  
Just like you're the  
great joy of mine.

She hugs him tightly for a moment.

KATIE  
Are you going to die?  
(Jake ignores this)  
Are you?!

JAKE  
When I'm very, very old.  
A long, long time from now.

KATIE  
How old?

JAKE  
A thousand. A million.

Katie hits him. This is serious.

JAKE  
I'll be so old, you'll  
have your own family-- a  
husband, a bunch of kids.  
A dog and a cat. All putting  
ketchup on everything.

KATIE  
Promise?

JAKE  
Promise.

KATIE  
Pinky swear?

JAKE  
Pinky swear.

They rub their pinkies together.

**INT. JAKE'S LOBBY - NIGHT**

Jake carries a sleeping Katie over his shoulder. A MAN approaches him.

MAN  
Jake Davis?

JAKE  
Yeah.

The man hands Jake an official-looking envelope.

MAN  
You've been served.

**INT. CROWDED BAR - NIGHT (2013)**

A crowded, noisy bar. Cameron is telling a story and Katie and Amanda are laughing hysterically.

CAMERON

And that's how I spent the night in a Parisian jail.

Katie and Amanda continue laughing.

CAMERON

Another round of Appletinis?

KATIE

Yes!

AMANDA

Absolutely.

CAMERON

I shall return.

Cameron scoops up the glasses and heads to the bar.

AMANDA

I love him!! He's great.

KATIE

Yeah?

AMANDA

Yeah!! He's funny and smart. And SO cute.

Amanda grabs Katie. Hugs her affectionately.

AMANDA

I'm so happy for you!

JOHN, 30, a drunk Wall Streeter comes over.

JOHN

Katie, hey. John Harper.

Katie looks at him. Clearly has no idea who he is.

KATIE

Oh, hi, how are you?

JOHN

I'm good, you look great.

KATIE

You too.

JOHN

You have no idea who I am,  
do you?

KATIE

(lying)  
Of course I do.

JOHN

We met at Walker's Pub maybe  
a year ago. Had a couple beers.

KATIE

Absolutely.

JOHN

You still have that apartment  
with the incredible view of  
the park?

KATIE

Yeah, same place.

Katie looks nervously over at the bar. Sees Cameron getting  
the drinks.

JOHN

I'm sorry I never called.

KATIE

That's OK.

JOHN

But we should definitely  
get together.

KATIE

I don't... It's not really  
a good...

JOHN

(nasty)  
I get it. You're one of  
those girls who's strictly  
into the one night thing.  
That's cool.

The conversation has ended, but John's in no hurry to leave.

AMANDA

Would you please go?

JOHN  
I'll pay you for it, I  
don't give a shit. Call  
the first one a freebie.  
Is \$500 enough?

Katie looks at the ground. Mortified.

AMANDA  
Please?

JOHN  
Fuck you, chubbs!

Cameron now shows up at the table.

CAMERON  
What's goin' on?

JOHN  
(to Cameron)  
She's a one night girl  
and I guess it's your  
night... Enjoy her.  
I did.

John walks off. Turns around.

JOHN  
I fucked you on your  
kitchen floor!! You could  
at least remember my  
God-damn name!

**INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - LATER**

They come into Cameron's apartment. Both quiet.

KATIE  
Cameron, look, I...

CAMERON  
I don't care.

KATIE  
I want to explain...

CAMERON  
The past is past. I don't  
care what you did before  
you met me.

KATIE

Here you thought you were getting Potato Chip and wound up with some cheap piece of ass.

CAMERON

The woman I'm crazy about isn't Potato Chip. It's you, Katie!

Katie takes his hand.

KATIE

My mother died when I was 3. My father died a few years later.

(starts to cry)

There are ways I came up with to cope with the loneliness that I know aren't healthy. That I know aren't good for me. Maybe someone who was stronger wouldn't have needed to... but I did. I just did

Katie is now bawling.

KATIE

I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

Cameron hugs her.

CAMERON

Hey, hey... There's nothing to be sorry for.

He holds her while she cries.

CAMERON

(a tone we haven't heard before)  
But all that shit's in the past, right?

KATIE

Absolutely.

**INT. LAW OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (1988)**

Jake sits at a table with his personal attorney, BOB MCNALLY and a highly-polished legal expert, JON WILTON.

WILTON

I have to admit I was shocked  
when Bob shared your case  
with me.

Jake starts to fiddle with his hands.

WILTON

It's unprecedented for an aunt  
and uncle to sue for the custody  
of their niece when the biological  
father is not only alive and well,  
but a famous author to boot.

Jake rubs his hands more conspicuously. He starts to gently  
rock back and forth.

MCNALLY

Jake, Jon Wilton is the best  
custody lawyer in the country.  
I can't tell you how happy I  
am he's interested in your case.

WILTON

Sometimes these lawsuits are  
more about hurt feelings than  
a genuine desire to obtain  
custody. The first step is for  
you to sit down with William  
and see if you can talk him  
out of pursuing this.

JAKE

And if he refuses to drop it?

WILTON

We'll file a motion to dismiss.  
Argue the case is completely  
without merit.

JAKE

And if that fails?

WILTON

Then we'll kick their  
ass in court.

**INT. BAR - DAY**

Jake sits at an out-of-the-way table. Knocks down a shot.  
William arrives looking very lawyerly.

WILLIAM  
Hello, Jake.  
(to the waiter)  
Scotch. Neat.

The waiter goes off. William sits.

WILLIAM  
I'll start. I want you to know this lawsuit is not a vendetta against you. We don't blame you for what happened to Patricia. And we're not retaliating because you kept Katie away from us after we took care of her for 18 months in your absence. Our only concern is for Katie's welfare.

JAKE  
And Katie would tell you in a heartbeat she wants to stay with me.

WILLIAM  
She's 6. It's inadmissible in court.

JAKE  
It still matters!

Jake takes a softer tone.

JAKE  
William, you're a reasonable man. And you're a father. You know in your heart that it's wrong to separate a motherless daughter from the father she loves.

William's drink comes. He takes a swig instead of answering.

JAKE  
Look, I admit I was pretty mad when I came to get Katie and you talked about adopting her out from under me. Perhaps I overreacted. I would... welcome you and Elizabeth being more involved in Katie's life.

WILLIAM  
Jake, we didn't file the lawsuit as a bargaining chip.

William finishes his scotch. Orders a second.

JAKE

You know, my lawyer, Jon Wilton...

WILLIAM

Great attorney. But certainly not cheap.

JAKE

Jon tells me you don't have a shot. That they'll never separate a daughter from her sole biological parent. Especially when he's a famous author.

WILLIAM

Van Gogh was a great artist, but I certainly wouldn't want him raising my kid.

JAKE

You know you're going to lose. Why do this?

William is now the bullying lawyer.

WILLIAM

You spent over a year in a mental hospital being treated for depression. Three dozen people witnessed you punch a guest at a Christmas party in my home because he said he didn't think your latest novel was your best.

JAKE

You lying son of a bitch!

WILLIAM

You gave testimony to the Massachusetts State Police that you were having a heated argument and were speeding at the time of Patricia's death. While they didn't charge you with reckless endangerment, it'll certainly look like that to the custody judge. Your last book tanked critically and commercially putting into doubt whether you can even provide for Katie.

William's drink comes.

WILLIAM

And I have a feeling you're  
running out of money faster  
than a race horse on speed.

He puts the drink to the side with a dramatic slam.

WILLIAM

We'll find out soon enough  
when we subpoena your financial  
records. If we lose, we'll appeal.  
And if we lose the appeal we'll  
appeal that. We have more money  
than God. How are you positioned  
to handle a prolonged legal battle?

JAKE

(not a compliment)  
You really are a very good lawyer.

WILLIAM

I'm trying to be a very good uncle.  
I may appear ruthless to you, but  
all I care about is family, family,  
family. That's my whole life!

JAKE

You're trying to separate a  
motherless daughter from the  
father she loves. There's got  
to be a special place in hell  
for that.

**INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Jake enters, exhausted. Stacey pops off the couch.  
A half-empty bottle of wine sits on the coffee table.

JAKE

Thanks for staying late.

STACEY

How'd it go?

JAKE

About what I expected.

STACEY

Are they going to drop the  
lawsuit?

JAKE  
(ignores the question)  
Katie's asleep?

STACEY  
Yeah. For a while now.

JAKE  
Good.

STACEY  
I was so worried I helped  
myself to some wine! I  
hope that's OK?

JAKE  
It's fine.

Stacey suddenly hugs Jake.

STACEY  
I would do anything for  
you and Katie.

She holds him tightly. Lets her body slowly melt into his.  
She kisses him. He pulls her off.

STACEY  
Let me comfort you.

JAKE  
Stacey...

She kisses him again, longer.

STACEY  
I'm a big girl.

JAKE  
You're also Katie's nanny.

STACEY  
I love Katie. I would never  
do anything to hurt her.

She kisses him passionately.

STACEY  
Just this once. Please...  
I need you inside me.

She takes his hand, puts it on her breast. She starts to  
moan. Jake is tempted, but takes his hand off her breast.

JAKE  
Stacey, look...

Stacey stares at Jake. Suddenly looks very humiliated.  
Quickly grabs her coat.

JAKE  
See you Monday, right?

She races out.

JAKE  
Right?

**EXT. SHEEP'S MEADOW - CENTRAL PARK - DAY (2013)**

A beautiful Spring day. Cameron and Katie sit on a blanket reading the Sunday Times. Cameron looks up from the paper.

CAMERON  
So my mother's birthday is  
next week. My father's  
throwing a dinner for her  
on Saturday night up in  
Greenwich. You want to go?

KATIE  
Do you want me to go?

CAMERON  
Yeah, of course.

Katie seems uncomfortable. Cameron picks up on this.

CAMERON  
I mean, if you want to.

KATIE  
Sure.

CAMERON  
(surprised)  
Really?!

KATIE  
Uh-huh.

**INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT**

Katie stands under the Golden Clocks all dressed up.  
Looks beautiful.

We now see Cameron in line getting tickets. He holds a bouquet of flowers.

Katie looks increasingly nervous. She gently rubs her hands together not unlike Jake. Cameron now appears.

CAMERON  
Track 37. It's this way.

They walk silently through the station. Katie looks more and more uncomfortable.

KATIE  
Cameron, I can't do this.

CAMERON  
What?!

KATIE  
I...

She starts to rub her hands faster.

KATIE  
Can we get some air?

Cameron looks at his watch.

CAMERON  
For like 1 minute.

**EXT. 42ND STREET - NIGHT**

KATIE  
I'm sorry.

CAMERON  
Katie...

KATIE  
I know how unfair this is.

CAMERON  
Katie, it's just my parents.  
And a few of their friends.  
Most of whom aren't horrible.  
Just rich and boring.

Katie smiles weakly.

CAMERON

And my parents will love  
you! They will eat you up.  
I promise.

Katie looks even more upset.

CAMERON

And even if somehow they  
didn't, which is not possible,  
it wouldn't matter at all  
to me. Not a bit.

Cameron looks at his watch. Takes her hand.

CAMERON

C'mon... we can still make  
the train.

Katie pulls her hand away. She's now in a panic.  
She runs towards an empty cab. Cameron chases  
after her.

KATIE

I'm sorry!

She hops in a cab. Cameron reluctantly gets in  
with her.

**INT. CAB – CONTINUOUS**

The cab shuffles along in traffic.

Now that they're not going, Katie starts to  
calm down. Cameron's stewing.

KATIE

What will you tell your  
parents?

CAMERON

I'll tell them I had car  
trouble.

KATIE

But you don't own a car.

CAMERON

So you can imagine.

KATIE

I'm really sorry.

CAMERON  
(angry)  
OK.

KATIE  
I don't know what happened.

CAMERON  
And you're getting a Ph.d  
in psychology?

KATIE  
What's that supposed to mean?

CAMERON  
It means it's pretty obvious  
what happened. You chickened  
out! Maybe because you were  
afraid my parents wouldn't  
like you. And maybe because  
you were afraid they'd like  
you too much and then you'd be  
in even deeper than you are now.

KATIE  
How deep am I in?

CAMERON  
I don't know, Katie. I don't  
know what the fuck we're doing.  
But I'll tell you something--  
I'm tired of being the girl.

KATIE  
What?

CAMERON  
I'm tired of being the girl!!  
If this is just fucking, and  
that's all it is, then that's  
fine. Because, you know what,  
it's really great fucking. And  
it makes me happy. And if that's  
what's on the table, I'll take  
it. No complaints.

The cab's stopped at a red light. Katie opens her  
door, bolts out.

CAMERON  
God damn it!!

Cameron throws a twenty at the cab driver and  
follows Katie out of the cab.

**EXT. FIFTH AVENUE – CONTINUOUS**

Katie walks quickly past the high end stores.  
Cameron sprints after her.

CAMERON

Hey!

She doesn't turn around.

CAMERON

Hey!

He catches up to her, grabs her by the shoulder.  
Spins her around.

She stares at him for a long minute. A hundred  
emotions on her face. Finally:

KATIE

It's not just fucking.

CAMERON

Good. Cause I was lying  
about what I just said.

KATIE

I don't know how to do this.

CAMERON

Do what?

KATIE

Be the girlfriend.

**INT. JAKE'S STUDY – NIGHT (1988)**

An exhausted Jake, in his brown writing sweater, bangs away  
at the typewriter. The phone rings, Jake grabs it.

JAKE

Yeah?

WILTON

Jake, Jon Wilton. How  
are you?

JAKE

You tell me.

WILTON

The motion to dismiss was  
denied. I'm sorry.

Jake starts to rub his hands.

WILTON

Now this doesn't mean the judge is taking their side. Or even that he believes they have a particularly strong case. It just means he feels there's enough there to bring it to trial. It's a setback, but they still have a very high burden of proof to establish.

Jake is now also rocking back and forth.

WILTON

Listen, this is a highly unusual case. Sorting through the relevant case law is going to be a major undertaking. I'm going to have to ask you for a \$25,000 retainer to start.

**INT. BANK - DAY**

Jake sits at a desk with a humorless BANKER.

BANKER

You understand the interest rate on your second mortgage will be 3 3/4 percent higher than on your original note.

Jake nods. The banker continues to prepare the papers.

JAKE

A character in "The Sun Also Rises" when asked how he went broke says two ways: gradually then suddenly.

(beat)

Damn good writing.

BANKER

Should we be concerned about your ability to pay two mortgages?

JAKE

(laughs)

Why? You'll just take my home.

**INT. JAKE'S STUDY - NIGHT**

JAKE

I'm really sorry, but  
we just can't afford to  
keep you right now.

STACEY

(devastated)

I love being here. You  
don't have to pay me.

JAKE

No! Absolutely not.

Stacey starts to cry.

JAKE

But I hope you'll come visit.

Stacey nods.

JAKE

And when you finish your novel,  
bring it by. I know everybody.

**INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Jake scrambles to get Katie's coat and knapsack on.  
He's in the same clothes he wore the day before. He's stayed  
up all night working.

**EXT. BROADWAY - DAY**

Katie chatters away as an exhausted Jake walks her to school.

**EXT. BANK STREET - DAY**

PARENTS and NANNIES wait for their children to come out from  
school.

A disheveled Jake stands by himself-- scribbling notes on a  
pad.

**INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Jake sits Katie in front of the TV.

**INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Katie watches cartoons. We hear the sound of furious typing in the background.

**INT. JAKE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Jake pulls food out of a McDonald's bag. Puts it on paper plates for him and Katie.

JAKE

Wait, I was the Big Mac.  
You were the cheeseburger.

He switches the sandwiches around.

**INT. JAKE'S STUDY - LATE**

Jake types slowly. He can barely keep his eyes open. He rests his head on the typewriter keys.

**INT. KATIE'S OFFICE - DAY (2013)**

Lucy's been crying. Katie hands her a tissue from a box. Lucy blows her nose. Composes herself.

LUCY

It really wasn't my fault?

KATIE

No. It wasn't your fault at all.

LUCY

Not even a little?

KATIE

Not at all.

LUCY

(crying)  
I'm so angry at her for dying!

Katie takes her hand comfortingly.

KATIE

Of course you are.

**INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Cameron and Katie have finished making love. He gently rubs her belly.

CAMERON

God, I love making love to you.

(then)

Actually, I think I just love you.

Katie's silent.

CAMERON

I love you too, Cam, is pretty much the perfect response. Then we'd kiss passionately. You'd climb on top of me and I'd fuck you until I brought you to this incredible, heaving orgasm you'd talk about for weeks. We'd fall asleep together-- arms and legs joyously entangled. Not a bad way to spend a Sunday afternoon.

Katie's still says nothing.

CAMERON

Long, uninterrupted silence. Definitely not your first choice response.

The two of them lie there for a minute.

CAMERON

Not everybody who loves you is going to leave you.

KATIE

(points to her head)

I know that here.

(points to her heart)

But not here.

Cameron kisses her gently.

CAMERON

If you need more time, you need more time. No biggie.

He puts his arms around her tenderly.

KATIE

You should find some sweet,  
uncomplicated girl to love.  
Stop wasting it on me.

CAMERON

I like wasting it on you.

**INT. DINER - NIGHT**

AMANDA

You actually said "Stop  
wasting it on me?"

KATIE

OK, but the thing is...

AMANDA

Oh, no, no, no! You're not  
going to lecture me. I'm  
going to lecture you.

Amanda puts her fork down. Wipes her mouth.

AMANDA

Katie... you're beautiful  
and brilliant and even  
immortalized in Western  
Literature for Chrissake.  
But you're also a fucking  
idiot.

KATIE

Amanda!!

AMANDA

Look, we both know the really  
pretty girls will always  
have a litter of guys chasing  
them around. This is clearly  
the way God wants it.

KATIE

This is not about...

AMANDA

But Cameron is sweet and funny  
and smart-- and a hottie to boot.  
Most importantly, he adores you.  
He loves you. How many times  
do you think you're gonna  
find that in this life?

**INT. JAKE'S STUDY - NIGHT (1988)**

Katie comes into the study. Jake proofs a page from a thick stack of pages.

KATIE  
Do you know what Sara said  
to me today?

JAKE  
(not looking up)  
Uh-uh.

KATIE  
She said, when we're older,  
we're going to...

JAKE  
Sweetie, I need to concentrate.  
Go get ready for bed.

KATIE  
Is there a book tonight?

JAKE  
Not tonight.

KATIE  
Why?

JAKE  
Cause Daddy's working.

KATIE  
You're always working.

JAKE  
You're just gonna have to get  
used to that for a while.

KATIE  
Sara's Dad reads two books  
every night.

JAKE  
Well you got screwed in  
the parents' sweepstakes,  
what can I tell you?

Katie's mad. She knocks over the stack of manuscript papers.  
They go flying.

JAKE  
Katie, God damn it!

She stares at her father defiantly. Holds her ground.

JAKE

(raging)

You want to know why I'm  
always working, do you,  
do you?! Because we live  
in the United States of  
Money!! We need money  
for food! Money for clothes!  
Money for the fancy private  
school I send you to.

Jake kicks the typewriter off his desk.

JAKE

I don't give a shit about  
art or friendship or love--  
I want money!!!

Katie now looks terrified.

JAKE

Do you have any money?!  
Cause that's what we need.  
You have 60 grand stashed  
away in your piggy bank?  
Cause that would be great.  
Do you?! Do you?!

Katie runs out crying.

**INT. KATIE'S ROOM - LATER**

Jake comes in Katie's room. Katie's in bed. She turns toward  
the wall and pulls the blanket over her head.

JAKE

Katie...

He sits on the edge of the bed. She moves closer to the wall.

JAKE

There's absolutely no excuse  
for how I behaved. I'm sorry.  
Really sorry. I love you so  
much. And I promise I'll  
never act like that again. Ever!

Katie doesn't respond.

JAKE  
 Hey, what did Sara say  
 today? Tell me.

He tries to roll her over to face him. She won't budge.

JAKE  
 When you're older, you  
 guys are gonna what?  
 C'mon, I want to know.

He tries again to roll her to face him, but she's a rock.

JAKE  
 Katie, I swear to God, I'm  
 doing the best I can.

**INT. CAROLYN'S OFFICE - NIGHT (2013)**

KATIE  
 Cameron told me he loved  
 me the other day.

CAROLYN  
 (smiles)  
 Really?! How'd that make  
 you feel?

KATIE  
 Good.  
 (then)  
 Scared the shit out  
 of me.

CAROLYN  
 Why?

KATIE  
 He thinks he loves me  
 because I'm pretty and we  
 have great sex and I have  
 this famous father...  
 But if he saw all the rot  
 underneath the shiny  
 surface he'd...

CAROLYN  
 He'd what?

KATIE  
 Run for the hills and  
 never look back.

Katie's lost in her thoughts. Then:

KATIE  
Sometimes I think it'd  
be easier to lose him,  
instead of worrying  
about losing him all  
the time.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Katie sits at the bar-- reads a book.

A MAN shooting pool is mesmerized by her. Can't take his eyes off her. She notices him, sips her beer, goes back to her book.

He continues to stare. Katie feels his eyes on her. She stares back at him for a long minute.

She picks up a cherry from the bartender's tray and starts to lick it erotically.

**INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The man from the bar fucks her doggie-style on her bed. Katie moans loudly.

**INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - NEXT NIGHT**

Cameron and Katie cuddle in bed as they watch a movie-- the portrait of domesticity. The credits roll. Cameron gets up.

CAMERON  
I'm gonna brush.

**INT. KATIE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Cameron brushes. Uses a little paper cup to rinse.

He finishes. Crumples up the cup and throws it in the trash. He notices a bright red wrapper sitting on top of the trash.

He picks it up, it's a condom wrapper. Obviously not the kind he uses. His heart skips a beat.

**INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Cameron storms into the bedroom, Holds up the condom wrapper.

CAMERON  
What the fuck?!

Katie stares at him-- silent.

CAMERON  
What the fuck, Katie?!

KATIE  
I'm so sorry...

CAMERON  
Sorry?! You left it on  
top of the fucking trash!!  
Why didn't you just Fedex  
it to me!

Cameron starts to get dressed.

KATIE  
Cameron... don't! Please don't!

CAMERON  
You want out! You're out!!

KATIE  
I don't want out! I'm sorry!!  
So sorry!!

Cameron grabs his coat. Heads out.

KATIE  
(shrieks)  
Cameron!!!

He turns to face her.

KATIE  
I'm so scared!!

CAMERON  
Of what?

KATIE  
Of you. Of this. Of us.

CAMERON  
Fuck off Katie!!

**INT. DIVE BAR – NIGHT**

Katie's dressed positively slutty. She has 5 or 6 beer bottles in front of her.

She's very drunk-- talks to AARON, a sexy musician type.

AARON

So, c'mon, why don't you  
come back with me? If I  
don't make the best pancakes  
you've ever had, I'll give  
you your money back. No  
questions asked.

He gives her his sexiest smile.

The Rolling Stones Wild Horses now plays on the juke box.  
Katie smiles, listens to the song for a long moment.

KATIE

Thing is, I know pancakes  
are really bad for me.

Katie gets up. Stumbles out of the bar.

**INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT – DAY (1988)**

Jake's study door opens. An exhausted and unshaven Jake stumbles out.

He wanders into the kitchen. Takes a handful of Cheerios, stuffs it in his mouth and heads back to the study.

We now see Katie sitting on the living room floor, paging through a book. She's surrounded by half-a-dozen other books.

KATIE

Daddy, could you read me  
one book?

Jake stares at her. He's beyond exhausted. He sits down on the floor. Puts her on his lap.

JAKE

How about if we read all  
of them?

**INT. DR. CORMAN'S OFFICE – DAY (2013)**

Katie comes in.

KATIE

You wanted to see me?

Dr. Corman gestures for Katie to sit down.  
Dr. Corman seems nervous-- shuffles some  
papers around.

DR. CORMAN

We have some very good news.  
Lucy's leaving foster care.  
She's been adopted...

KATIE

Oh my God!!!

DR. CORMAN

By a loving, stable family  
in Brooklyn. They have two  
other children. It's a  
perfect fit.

KATIE

Brooklyn? It's gonna take  
her an hour on the subway  
to see me.

Dr. Corman looks uneasy.

DR. CORMAN

You can't see her anymore.

KATIE

What?!

DR. CORMAN

It's standard procedure.  
She'll continue therapy with  
a social worker who'll help  
integrate her into her new  
community. She needs to make  
a clean break from us.

Katie slumps in her chair, she's in shock.

DR. CORMAN

You've done great work with  
Lucy. We're all very proud  
of you. But she can't start  
her new life holding onto  
you. This is standard  
procedure. I have no  
discretion on this. I  
got you one last session  
to say goodbye.

Katie's clearly devastated.

DR. CORMAN  
Katie, this is good news.  
This is what we hope and  
pray for.

**INT. JAKE'S STUDY - NIGHT (1988)**

Jake types away. He's more tired than we've ever seen him.

He stops typing. Reads what he wrote. Rips the paper out of the typewriter.

JAKE  
They're right! It's all  
over for me-- I'm done. Done!

His hands start shaking terribly. His body rocks back and forth. Looks like he could hurt himself.

His hands shaking and body rocking, he fumbles with a piece of blank paper. Tries to roll it into the typewriter.

**INT. KATIE'S OFFICE - DAY (2013)**

KATIE  
We have an awful lot to  
talk about. I wish you  
would speak to me.

Lucy stares. Says nothing.

KATIE  
A new family. New school.

Lucy's stone-faced.

KATIE  
New therapist.

Lucy BURSTS into tears. Katie kneels on the floor. Puts her arms out wide.

KATIE  
C'mere.

Lucy runs over to Katie. She punches Katie hard in the face. Katie falls over. Her nose is bleeding!

Lucy hits her again. And again. Katie grabs her arms.

KATIE  
Stop it!!

Lucy struggles fiercely.

KATIE  
Stop it!!

Katie finally pins her onto the ground.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - BOAT POND - DAY**

Katie and Lucy watch the miniature sail boats glide along the water. Lucy's still not speaking.

KATIE  
I'm an orphan, too. But the  
opposite of you. My mother  
died first. Then my father.  
I don't really remember my  
mother. But I loved, loved,  
loved my father.

Lucy looks at Katie, surprised by the confession.

KATIE  
He was a writer and he was  
actually quite famous. But we  
were still poor. Not poor poor--  
but we were spending a lot more  
money than we were making.  
That kind of poor. And then  
some things happened and  
I think, I honestly believe,  
my father somehow knew he  
was going to die.

Katie now has tears in her eyes.

KATIE  
My father wasn't so well...  
mentally. But he stayed up  
all night, every night,  
to finish one last book.  
The book was about me. About  
his life with me. It had a  
million little things in  
it he knew only I would get.

Katie's now crying freely.

KATIE

When he died we were deep  
in debt. Owed everybody money.  
But this book just kept selling  
and selling. Year after year.  
All over the world. And I  
was the sole heir to his  
literary estate. So when I was  
21, I inherited all this money  
and could tell my aunt to fuck  
off which my father knew I  
would want to do.

Lucy's clearly shocked at the conversation.

KATIE

The book's now considered  
a great masterpiece, this  
incredible work of art, but  
to me it was just my Dad's  
way of saying how much he  
loved me and goodbye.

Katie wipes her face. Leans down and takes Lucy's hands.

KATIE

I wish I were a writer.  
Because I would write such  
a beautiful book about you.  
But I'm not. So all I can  
do is say, I love you Lucy.  
And I have to say Goodbye.

Lucy is now also crying. They hug.

LUCY

I love you, too.

Lucy hugs her tighter than tight.

KATIE

You be good. Because  
you have great things  
ahead of you.

LUCY

I will. I promise.

KATIE

And when you're 18 come  
look me up. Because I  
want to pay for your  
college.

Lucy looks at her, shocked!

KATIE  
I think it'd make my  
father very happy.

**INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY (1988)**

Ted pages through a manuscript.

TED  
How do you write a book  
in 3 months?

Jake shrugs.

TED  
It usually takes you  
2 years.

Jake's too exhausted to argue. Ted closes the manuscript.  
Reads the title.

TED  
Fathers and Daughters.  
(skeptical)  
Is it any good?

JAKE  
I have no fucking idea.

**INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - DAY (2013)**

Katie's exhausted and devastated from her conversation with  
Lucy.

She lies on the sofa and stares at the ceiling.

**INT. LAW FIRM CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (1988)**

Jake's a mess. We can see he's barely slept in weeks.  
McNally and Wilton come in. Sit down solemnly.

McNally hands Jake a cigar.

MCNALLY  
Congratulations, Jake.

JAKE  
(confused)  
For what?

WILTON

You're gonna be an uncle again.

MCNALLY

It seems your brother-in-law  
William has been having a  
long-term affair with his  
secretary. And she's pregnant.  
And she's keeping it.

WILTON

Elizabeth's filing for divorce.  
They've dropped the law suit.

Jake's too stunned to speak.

MCNALLY

Whoops!!!

McNally and Wilton HOWL with laughter.

**INT. JAKE'S STUDY - EVENING**

Jake puts bills into three long rows. He moves a bill back  
and forth from pile to pile.

JAKE

Fuck 'em.

He sweeps all the bills into the trash can.

**INT. JAKE'S DINING ROOM - EVENING**

Jake comes out of the study to get dinner ready.

He sees the table's already set. Katie's been putting  
together a feast for the two of them.

It's a motley selection of toast, cheese, pretzels,  
M&Ms and ginger ale.

There's a drawing of flowers Katie made leaning up  
against a vase in the middle of the table.

KATE

I knew you were busy,  
so I made us dinner.

Jake's speechless. The most beautiful meal he's  
ever seen.

KATE  
Are you hungry?

JAKE  
Starved.

He goes to sits down.

KATIE  
No, the one with the pillow.

Jake notices there's a chair with a pillow on it meant for him. He sits there.

Katie picks up a paper plate. Puts toast, cheese, pretzels and M&Ms on it. Hands it to Jake.

Jake smiles ear to ear. He has the most loving little girl in the world.

**INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT – DAY (2013)**

Katie finally sits up.

She picks up the framed picture of her and Jake. We now recognize it's a photo of them from the night Katie made the dinner of toast and cheese and M&Ms.

She Stares at it for a long moment.

Suddenly HOWLS with pain and EXPLODES into tears.

She's bawling hysterically and shaking, she's really lost it. Shrieks loudly in pain and anguish.

We've never seen her like this.

**INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM – NIGHT (1988)**

Jake reads a very tired Katie a bedtime story.

JAKE  
And so they lived...

He waits for Katie to say, "happily ever after" but she's already fallen asleep.

Jake tucks her under the covers. Turns out the light. Strokes her hair gently.

JAKE

I don't care if people know  
my name or don't know my name.  
If they read my books or don't  
read my books. I don't care if  
I ever write another word. Just  
so long as I get to take care  
of you-- watch you grow up.  
That'll be more than enough.  
A life well spent.

(beat)

You're my Potato Chip.

He kisses her gently on the forehead.

JAKE

You and no one else.

Jake gets up. Heads out.

We now see Katie open her eyes. She's heard every word.

**INT. JAKE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Jake washes his face. Studies himself in the mirror. Sees how old and tired he looks.

He suddenly bursts into tears. All the fear and frustration and exhaustion comes pouring out. He bawls for a long minute. He suddenly vomits.

Starts to shake back and forth-- rubs his hands feverishly. It's worse than we've ever seen it. He tries to calm himself.

JAKE

It's over. All over.

He rocks back and forth even more frantically.

JAKE

It's over. You won.

He now has no control over his body. He bangs his head hard against the mirror. There's a gash on his forehead.

JAKE

You won. It's over.

He tries to steady himself. Can't.

He rocks even more feverishly. Crashes into the glass shower stall. Smashes it. Shards slice him.

**INT. KATIE'S ROOM - SAME**

Katie hears a noise. Opens her eyes. She's exhausted.  
Falls back asleep.

**INT. JAKE'S BATHROOM - SAME**

Jake lies on the ground-- bleeds profusely. He struggles to  
get up. Gets to his knees.

JAKE  
(barely audible)  
Katie... Katie...

He falls back down. Struggles to get up again-- he's nothing  
if not a fighter.

JAKE  
Katie... Katie...

He crawls towards the bathroom door. We now see a thick glass  
shard jutting through his back. He collapses on the floor.

**TO BLACK****EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

A HUGE GATHERING OF PEOPLE.

Katie is in an expensive black dress. Elizabeth holds her  
hand. Katie stares at the coffin.

ELIZABETH  
Do you want to say something  
to your father?

Katie approaches the coffin. Whispers so only  
Jake can hear:

KATIE  
You're my Potato Chip.  
You and no one else.

She kisses his forehead. Walks back and stands next to  
Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH  
What did you say to him?

But Katie is now silent!!!

**INT. DINING ROOM - ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

ELIZABETH

Katie, do you want more  
chicken?

Katie doesn't say anything. Keeps eating.

ELIZABETH

Katie, I'm asking you if  
you'd like more chicken  
and I'd like you to answer  
me please.

Katie continues to eat in silence.

**INT. WORTHINGTON SCHOOL - DAY**

Katie, in crisp uniform and bow, silently does her work.

**INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - DAY (2013)**

Katie's now on the floor. She's obviously been crying  
for a long while.

She picks herself up and there is now something  
different about her. Somehow there's a calm after  
the storm.

She gets up. Nervously takes a couple breaths.

Picks up the phone. Dials. We can practically  
hear her heart pounding through her chest.

We hear ringing. And then:

CAMERON

Hello.

Katie tries to talk but nothing comes out.

CAMERON

Hello?

She tries to speak again. But again nothing.

CAMERON

Hello?!

She's still speechless. Cameron hangs up.

Katie wanders aimlessly around her living room for a minute. We brace ourselves for round 2 of the crying jag.

But instead she suddenly bolts out of the apartment.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - DUSK**

And Katie races down the street. The girl can run.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DUSK**

With music underneath, we watch a beautiful sequence of Katie running around Moms pushing strollers, darting through traffic, cutting through groups of kids screwing around on their skateboards and old men shooting the shit.

She's a woman possessed.

**INT. CAMERON'S VESTIBULE - NIGHT**

She gets to Cameron's apartment building. Runs into the Vestibule.

She goes to push his buzzer, but can't. Tries again, can't do it.

A GUY comes out of the lobby, holds the door open for her and she takes a deep breath and bolts through it.

**INT. CAMERON'S HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Before she can think about it and chicken out, she pounds on his door. Pounds on it again.

After a long moment, Cameron answers. Is shocked to see her.

Katie stares at him and is finally able to find her voice.

KATIE

I miss you!

(then)

And I love you! I wanted to say it that first time you said it to me. I wanted to say it so many times but... we both know I'm a broken, fucked up girl. I've lost so many of the people I've loved in my life. But I don't want to lose you.

Cameron just looks at her stunned.

KATIE

I wouldn't blame you if you hated me. I wouldn't blame you if you never wanted to see me again. I know I have my demons, I do, but I also know that deep in my soul I really do love you and I wanted to make sure you knew that too.

WOMAN

Who's this?!

We now see a hip, young WOMAN staring coldly at Katie.

Katie takes off down the stairs, mortified.

**INT. WALDORF ASTORIA - BALLROOM - NIGHT (1988)**

Ted, in black tie, is on the dais of a packed ballroom.

TED

It's a great honor to accept this Pulitzer on behalf of my client, the late Jake Davis. That Fathers and Daughters has won every major literary award and has been perched atop the bestseller's list for a year is every agent's dream. That I never got to buy Jake a drink and slap him on the back is my own personal nightmare.

We now see Elizabeth and Katie sitting in the front. Katie is silent and expressionless.

**INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

ELIZABETH  
Speak!! Speak God damnit!!  
Speak!!

Katie is silent.

ELIZABETH  
Speak!! Speak you little  
bitch!!

Elizabeth slaps Katie hard across the face. Katie's clearly in agony, but doesn't utter a word.

We hold on Katie's face and...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. BROADWAY - SAME NIGHT (2013)**

Katie with the same expression of agony on her face.

She's been slowly walking home from Cameron's.

Passes COUPLES holding hands and kissing.

YOUNG PARENTS being sweet with their KIDS.

COLLEGE STUDENTS goofing around and laughing.

PEOPLE at outdoor cafes engaged in lively conversation.

Katie realizes how completely alone in the world she is.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - CONTINUOUS**

She heads towards her building. Too sad to even cry.

Wild Horses begins to softly play. The movie feels like it's ending.

Katie heads into her lobby.

SUDDENLY STOPS DEAD.

Stares straight ahead.

We now see Cameron standing outside her building wearing Jake's old brown sweater.

Cameron and Katie stare at each other for a long minute.

He suddenly grabs her-- holds her tighter than tight.

She hugs him back with everything she's got.

The music grows louder and louder as we...

**FADE OUT**